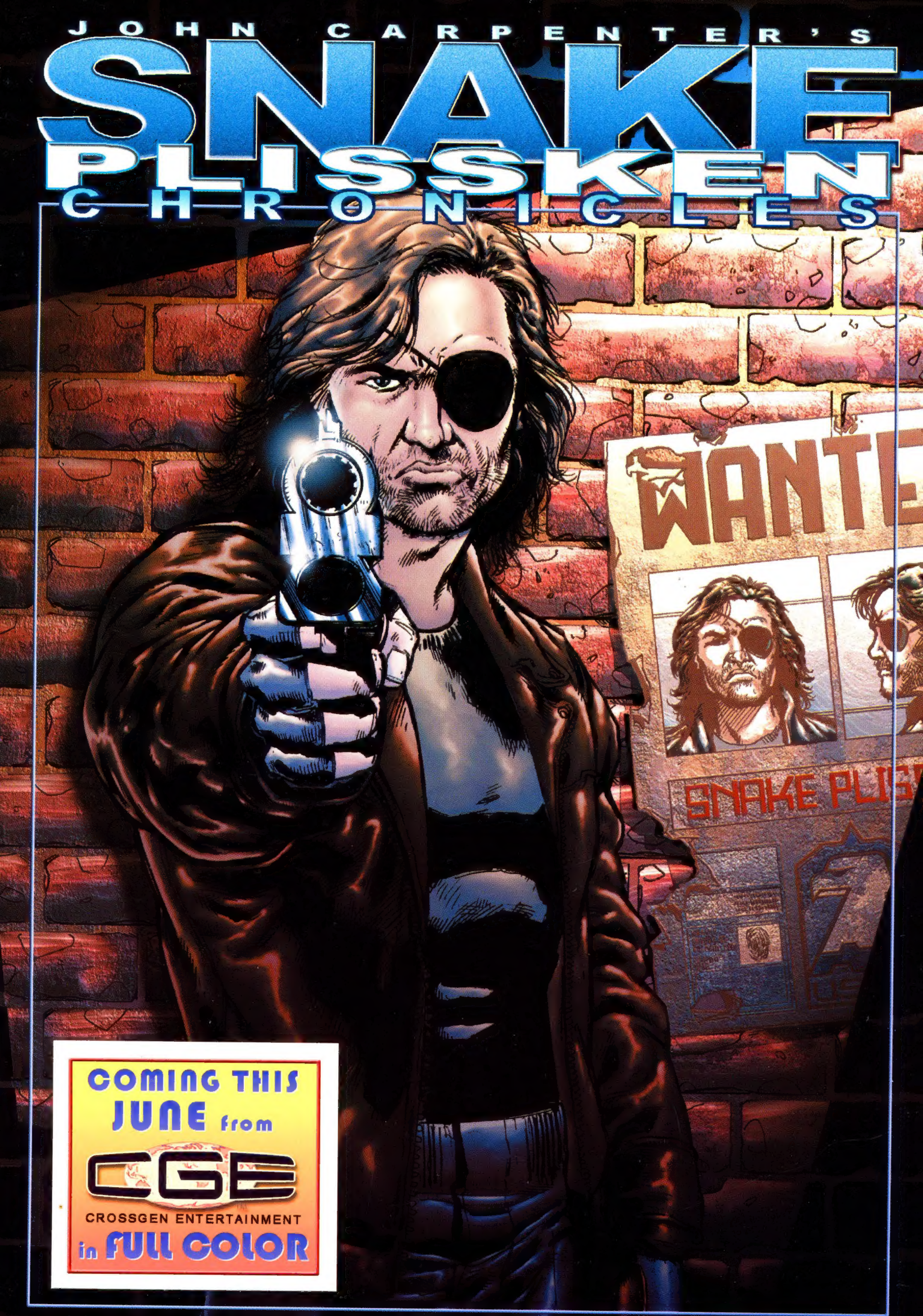
JOHN CARPENTER'S

SNAKE PLISSKEN CHRONICLES



COMING THIS JUNE from

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CROSSGEN ENTERTAINMENT

in FULL COLOR

SPECIAL PREVIEW

JOHN CARPENTER'S

SNAKE PLISSKEN CHRONICLES

Based on Characters Created by

JOHN CARPENTER AND NICK CASTLE

Writer

WILLIAM O'NEILL

(escaped from Manalapan, NJ)

Pencils

TONE RODRIGUEZ

(still in Los Angeles)

Cover Art

TONE RODRIGUEZ - *Pencils*

HI FI COLOUR DESIGN - *Colors*

Letters

DREAMER DESIGN

and **ROBIN SPEHAR**

Interview

DEN SHEWMAN

(escaped from Cincinnati, OH)

CEO/Editor in Chief

JAN UTSTEIN-O'NEILL

(escaped from Forest Hills, NY)

Administrative Assistant

ROBERT (RJ) GAMAYO

(stuck in Los Angeles)

Executive Producers

JOHN CARPENTER

(escaped from Carthage, NY)

DEBRA HILL

(escaped from Philadelphia, PA)

KURT RUSSELL

(escaped from Springfield, MA)

This book is based on the character Snake Plissken played by Kurt Russell.

Special Thanks to
KEVIN CLEARY and JOSH MORRIS
at Acme Talent and Literary

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John Carpenter's Snake Plissken Chronicles
Preview Issue, August 2002.
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EARLY THE NEXT DAY.

GARDEN STATE PARKWAY
SAYREVILLE 3.3 MILES
ATLANTIC CITY 92 MILES

NEW JERSEY, THE GARDEN STATE PARKWAY.

SAYREVILLE
ATLANTIC CIT

SAYREVI
ATLANTIC C

GARDEN

SAYRE

ATLANT

YOU FROM JERSEY? WHICH EXIT...WOUND?

WHOA! EASY, BIG GUY.

I'M GONE. DON'T NEED TO TELL ME TWICE.

OH GOD, I'M SORRY! DON'T KILL ME!

GARDEN STATE...

GARDEN VARIETY ASS.

VRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAKKKKKKK

NYC 35 MILES

HOBOKEN 33 MILES

VROOOM ROOOO

EH?

MMMMEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRR

FOUND SOME FRIENDS. EH, JERSEY BOY?

MMMMEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRR

THAT'S IT... JUST A LITTLE CLOSER.

SLAM!

SKREEEE-

KAAFAM!

FUMP!
VROOOM!
BADOW!
DOW!
BADOW!
BADOW!
PKOT!
FUMP!
BEKOW!
PKOT!
KLATCH
KA-BLAM!

... ...

KISH

SAYREVILLE NEXT EXIT
TOLL BOOTH 1 MILE
EZ PASS ACCEPTED

GOOOOD BYE, FOOL.

MMMMMMMMMM

SLAM!

IT CAN NEVER JUST BE EASY.

SKREECH!

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD"

An Interview with John Carpenter

By Den Shewman

Writer/Director John Carpenter has been the driving vision behind such dark classics as **Halloween**, **The Thing** and **Prince of Darkness**. Snake Plissken arguably leads Carpenter's rogues gallery as the war hero-turned-bank robber who takes on the mission of a lifetime to save a life: his own. Born in **Escape From New York** (1981) and surviving through **Escape From LA** (1996), Snake doesn't take orders from anyone (unless he has a couple pinhead charges implanted in his arteries). Snake's father gave Hurricane Entertainment the downlow on Snake exclusively for readers of this preview of "John Carpenter's Snake Plissken Chronicles."

Den: How did you come up with Escape From New York? Where did Snake Plissken come from?

JC: Escape From New York was created from an idea that I had after reading a book -- I believe it was Harry Harrison's Planet of the Damned -- where somebody is recruited to go onto the most dangerous planet in the solar system. I thought, "That'd be a great idea to do in futuristic New York. What kind of guy would you send in there?" I began to put together this character of Snake Plissken. He's an anti-hero, somebody we all love because he's so bad. Snake's based on a guy I knew in high school, and he's also a bit of my alter ego. The name came to mind, then the attitude, then how he looks at life.

Den: You wrote Escape back in 1974. Why set it aside for five years?

JC: [Laughs] No one wanted to make it. One of the comments at the time was that I was making fun of the president of the United States, Richard Nixon. He'd just fallen [resigned], so they thought, "That's not good to do."

Den: No one picked up on what Escape's producer Debra Hill saw in Snake Plissken, that he's the "unpatriotic patriotic side of America"?

JC: No one got it.

Den: Snake has been in a couple major movies, and now he's getting his own comic book. What is Snake's significance to you? And what makes him such an icon that people want to see more of his adventures?

JC: Well, he's a loveable character, in the sense

that he just doesn't give a shit about anybody or anything. I think we'd all like to be so confident that we don't really care. Snake doesn't care about anything: the rest of humanity, the destiny of the human race. All he cares about is moving on. He doesn't want to hurt you, he doesn't want to help you. I don't know if I'd want to be like that, but there's something admirable about it.

Den: You've called Snake the lone gunslinger, and said the Escape films are really Westerns.

JC: Every culture has its warrior stories, and Westerns are our American warrior stories. The Old West was a lawless era, and the gunfighter was our warrior. Snake's a gunfighter because he's on his own. He's his own man, his own universe, his own country.

Den: You've credited Kurt Russell with helping create Snake.

JC: Oh, big time.

Den: What did Kurt bring to the character?

JC: Well, the big thing was the eye patch. That was his idea. I don't know for sure, but I swear it had to do with the eye patch on Kirk Douglas in The Vikings. But I've never asked Kurt, I don't know if it's true or not.

Den: What did you think when you saw Tone's sketches of Snake for John Carpenter's Snake Plissken Chronicles?

JC: They're great. We've got a great artist here. I grew up with comic books, going way back, and I was always interested in the art. So I'm very delighted, very delighted.

Den: He's escaped from New York and LA. Where can Snake go from here?

JC: Anywhere he wants. Anywhere. It's really a story of this one particular man in this particular future. If he runs into a time travel device, we can put him any place. Snake is always going to respond the same way to every situation, and he'll always get in trouble wherever he goes. Which makes for good drama.

Den: What would Snake think of post-September 11th America?

JC: I think if we had Snake Plissken around after 9/11, Osama bin Laden would be dead now. We'd send Snake in, and he'd get bin Laden real quick. Kill him, bring back his head. That'd be that.

VILLAIN CONCEPTS

MUTANTS

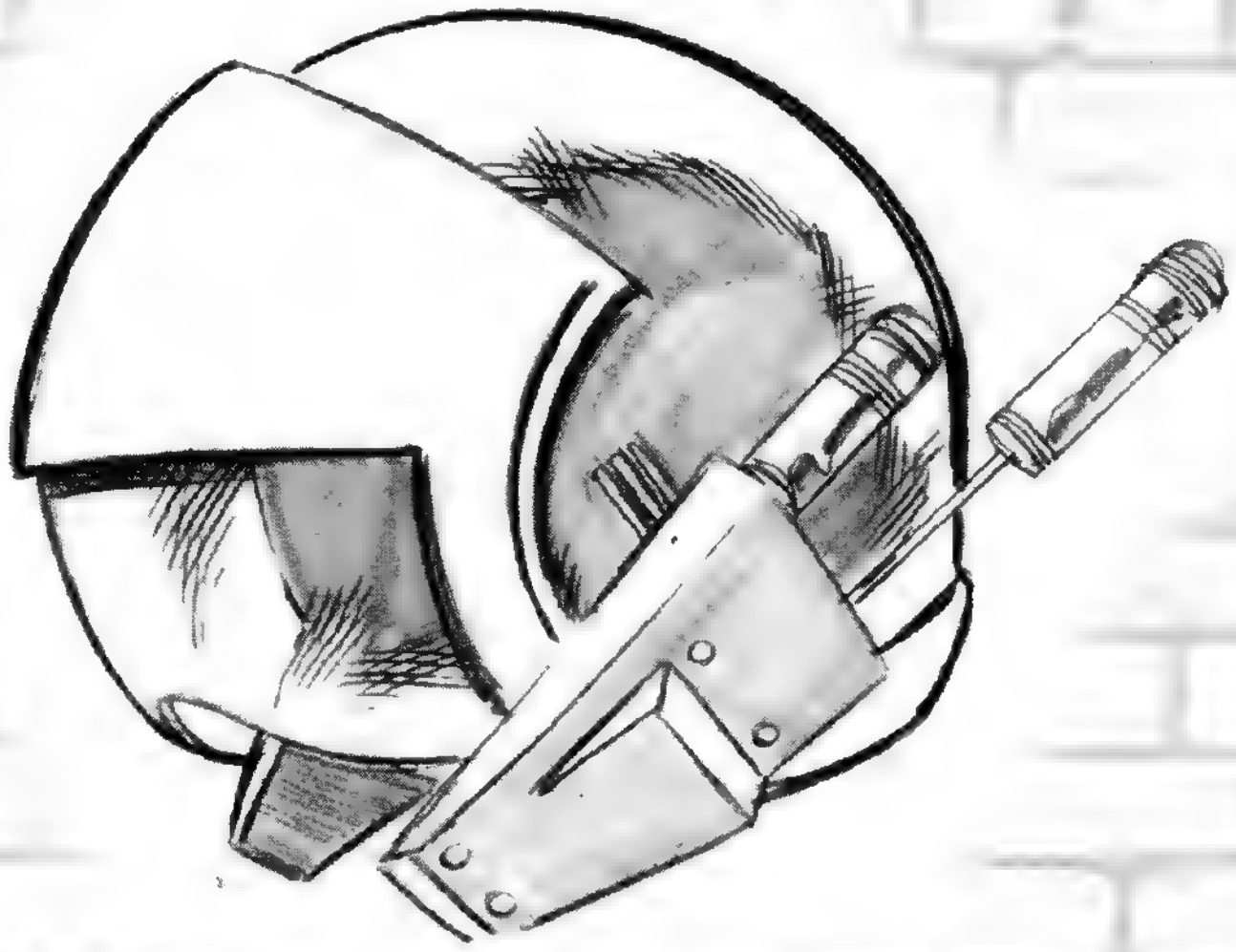
PSYCHOS

AND

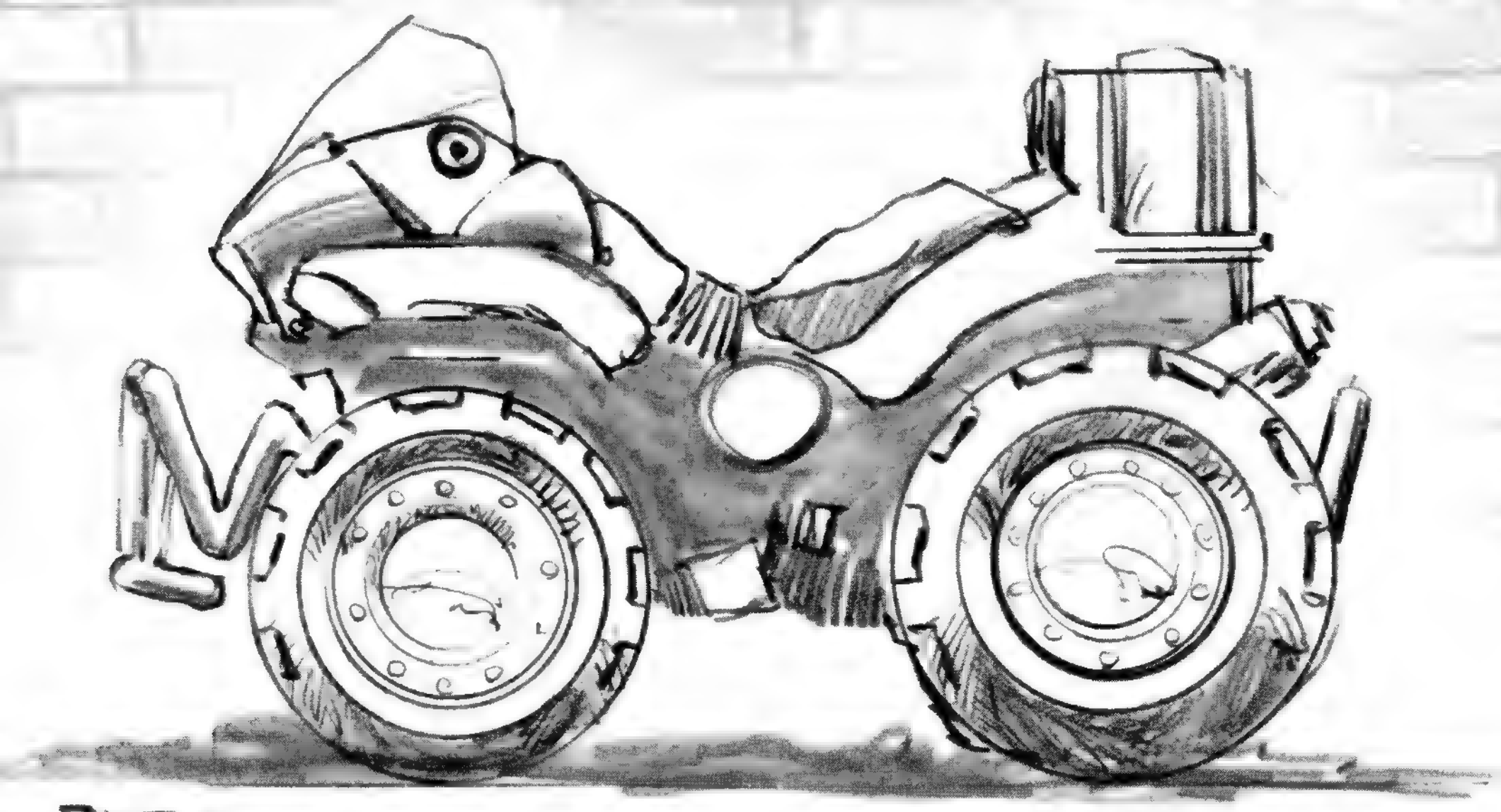
MUSCLE MEN

RED
"THE RUSSIAN"

HIS MOUSTACH & BEARD WILL BE RED
LIKE HIS NAME.



VEHICLES



PIN-UP GALLERY

DRAWINGS BY WRITER WILLIAM O'NEILL

WATCH FOR

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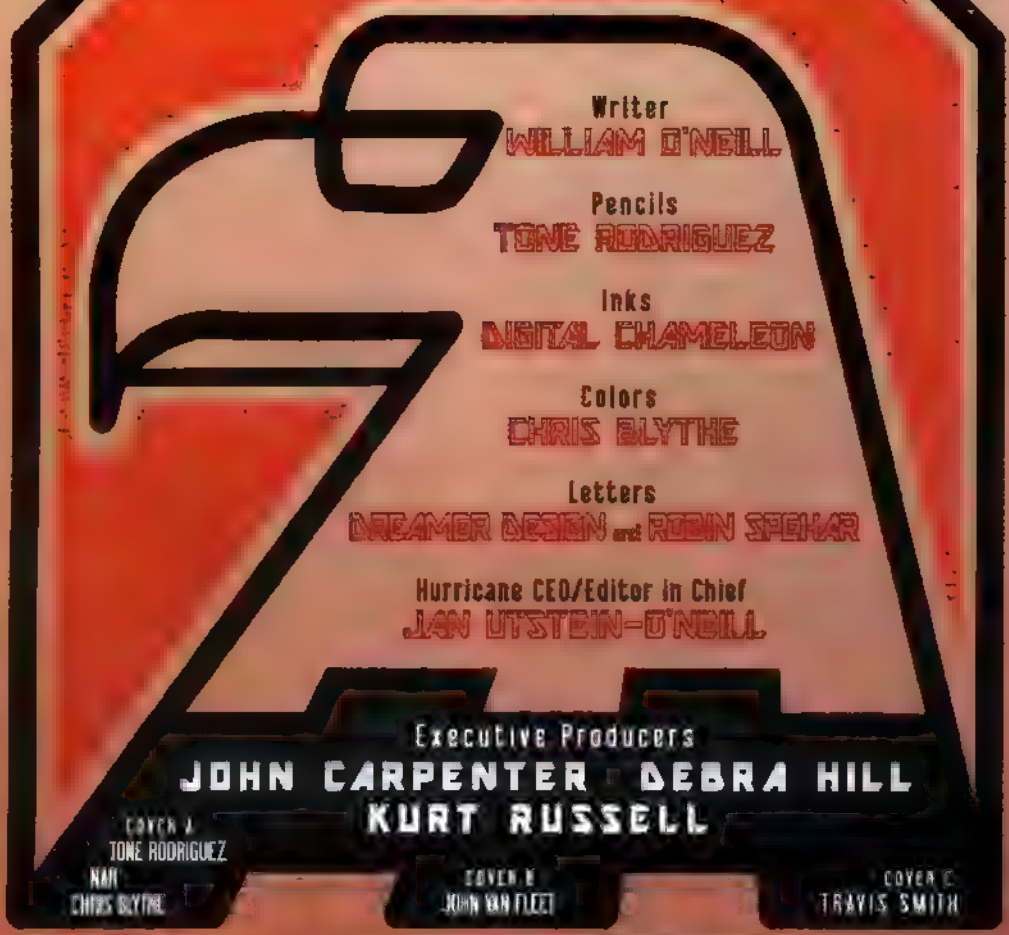

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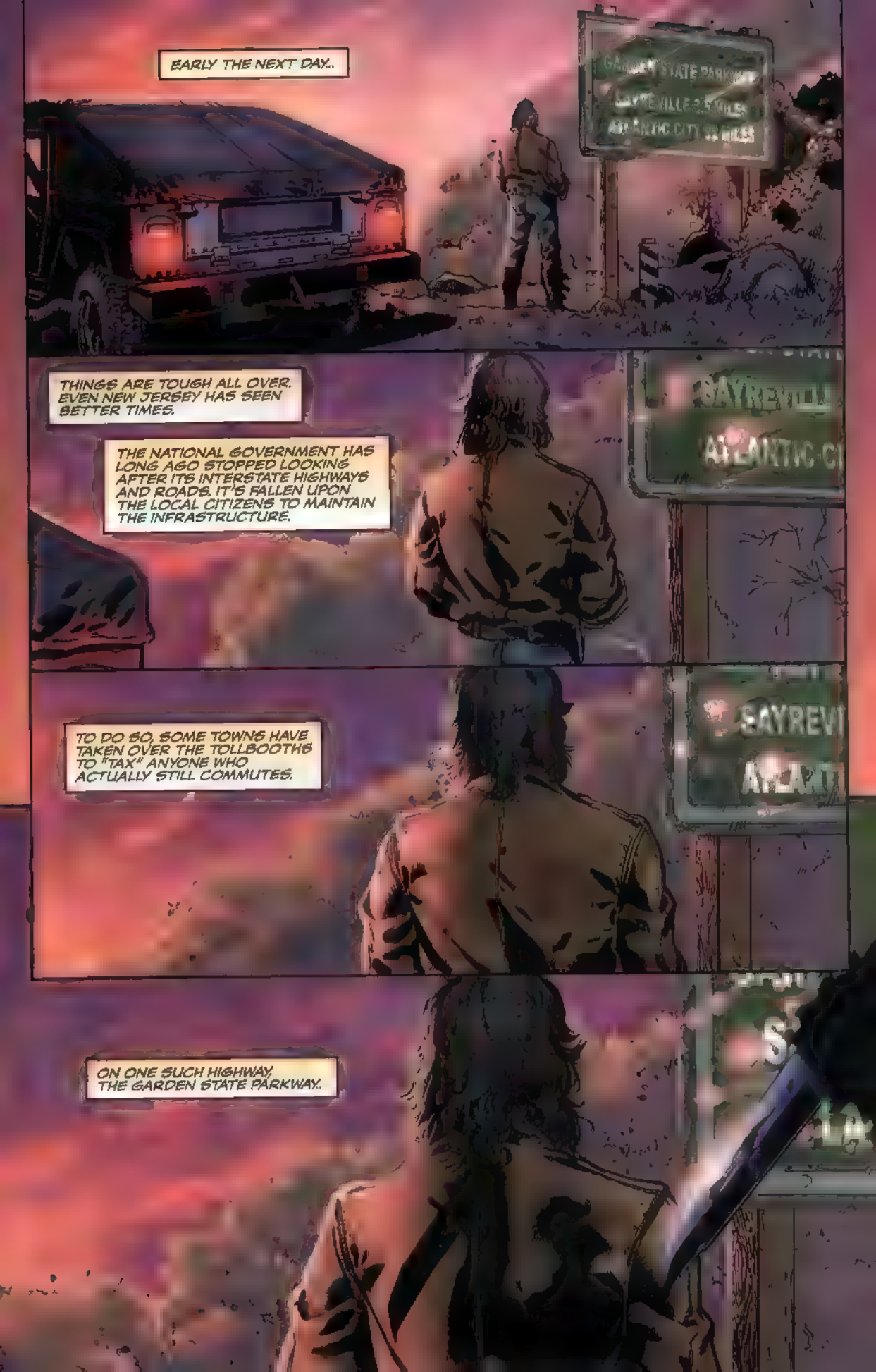

EARLY THE NEXT DAY..
THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER. EVEN NEW JERSEY HAS SEEN BETTER TIMES.
THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT HAS LONG AGO STOPPED LOOKING AFTER ITS INTERSTATE HIGHWAYS AND ROADS. IT'S FALLEN UPON THE LOCAL CITIZENS TO MAINTAIN THE INFRASTRUCTURE.
TO DO SO, SOME TOWNS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE TOLLBOOTHS TO "TAX" ANYONE WHO ACTUALLY STILL COMMUTES.
ON ONE SUCH HIGHWAY, THE GARDEN STATE PARKWAY.

YOU FROM JERSEY? WHICH EXIT WOUND?

WHOA! EASY, BIG GUY.
I'M GONE. DON'T NEED TO TELL ME TWICE
OH GOD. I'M SORRY! DON'T KILL ME!
GARDEN STATE...
GARDEN VARIETY ASSHOLE.
VRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAKKKKKKR
VROOOM
RROOO
EH?

MMMMEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRR
FOUND SOME FRIENDS. EH, JERSEY BOY?
MMMMEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRR
THAT'S IT.. JUST A LITTLE CLOSER.
SLAM!
SKREEEE-KA-BLAM!

FUMP!
VROOOM!
BADOW!
DOW!
BADOW!
BADOW!
PKOT!
FUMP!
BEKOW!
PKOT!
KLATCH
KA-BLAM!

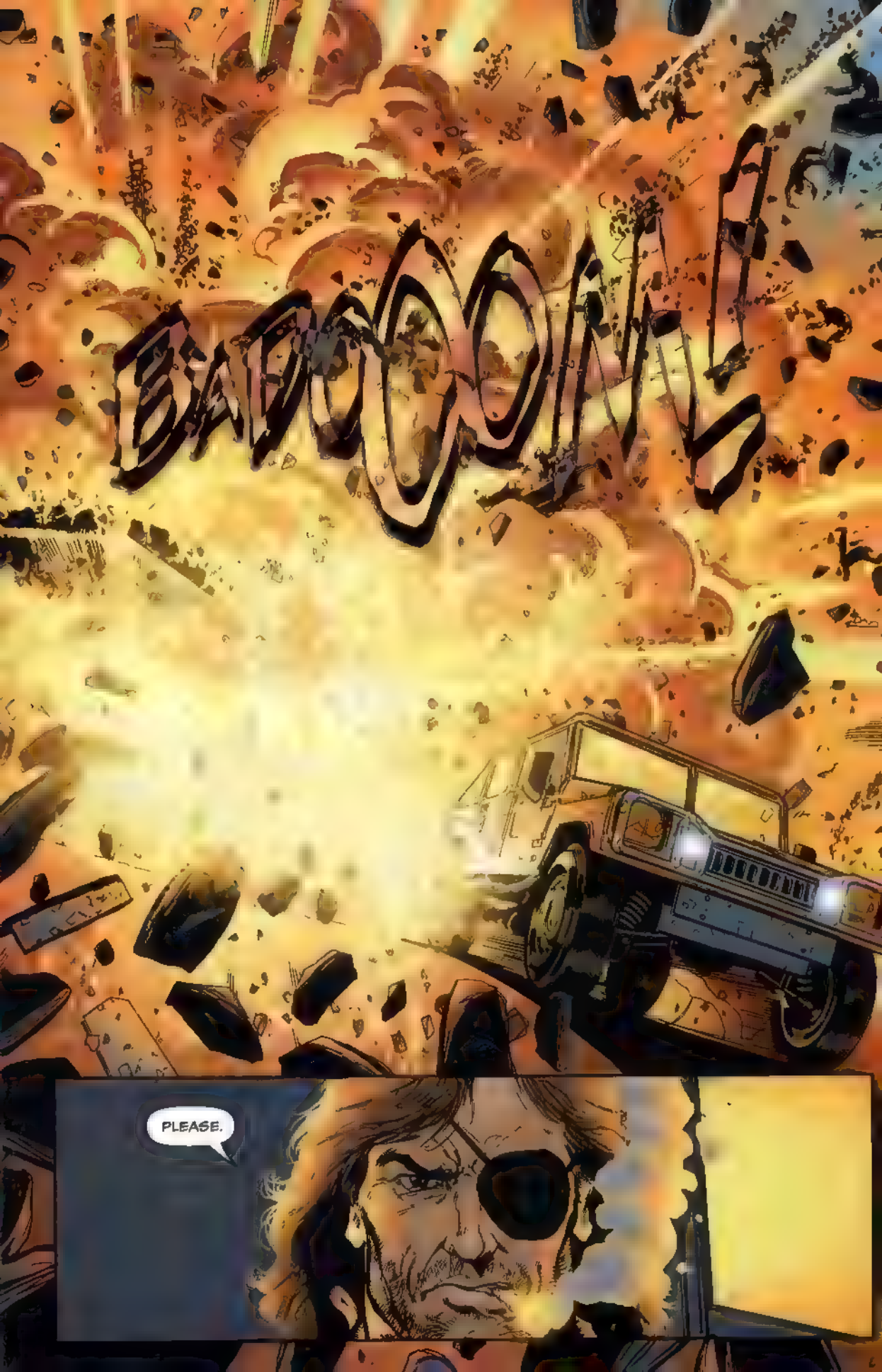
KISH
GOOOOD BYE, FOOL.
MMMMMMMMM
IT CAN NEVER JUST GO EASY.

JUST GREAT.
JUST GREAT.
SNAKE P... P...PUSSKEN
I HEARD HE WAS DEAD.

OKAY, SPORT, I'LL LET YOU PASS.
BUT, YOU GOT TO SAY THE MAGIC WORD.
COME ON, YOU KNOW THE MAGIC WORD...
HA HA HA
OH, AND EITHER WAY, WE'RE KEEPING THE HUMMER.
HA HA HA

SREEEE!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, OPEN FIRE!
BRAKKK!
BRAKKK!
BADOW!
BAKAM!

BADOW!
BADOW!
KA-BLAM!
SHUKKK!
VERRRRRR
PING
BKOW
BKOW
HEY, UM...

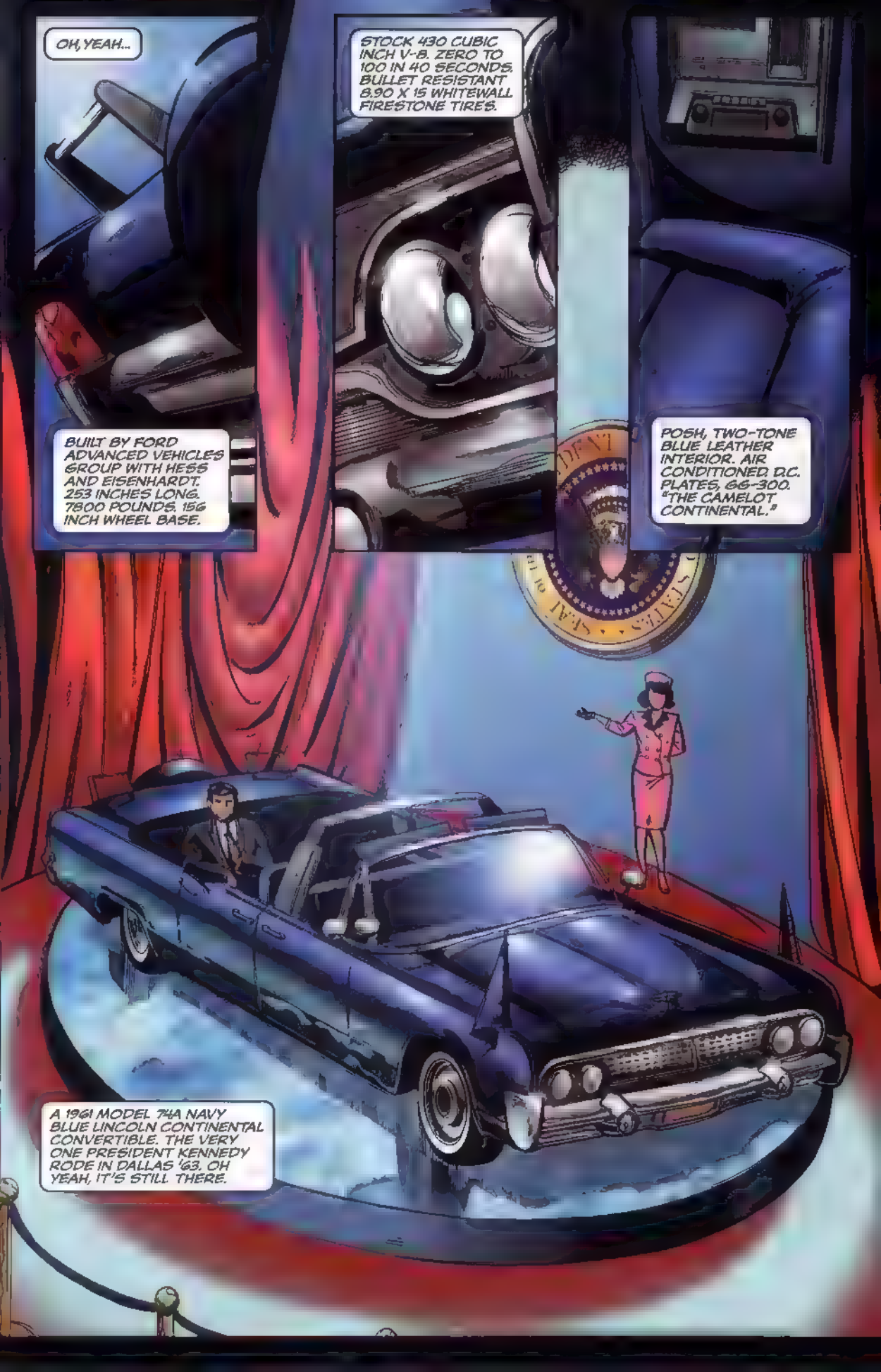

BADOOM!!
PLEASE.

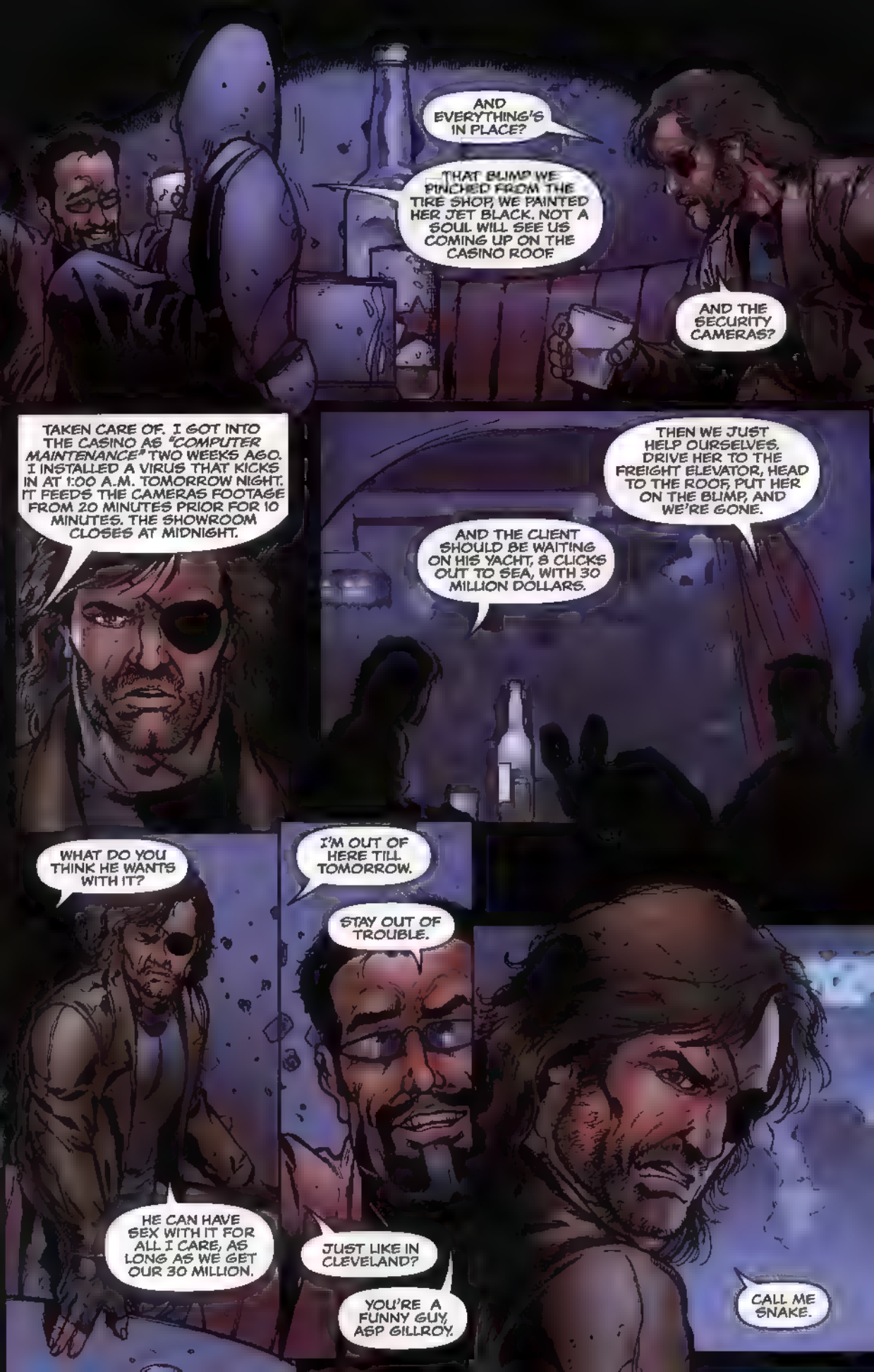
SNAKE NEVER LOOKS BACK.
TOO MUCH PAIN
TOO MUCH WAR.
TOO MUCH HISTORY.
SNAKE DOESN'T BOTHER TO LOOK BACK.
THIS CONSTANT FORWARD MOMENTUM EVENTUALLY BRINGS HIM TO ATLANTIC CITY.
GAUDY, VULGAR, SIN BY THE SEA ATLANTIC CITY.

SNAKE PIT
DRINKS
EAT'S
IN A DARK CORNER OF THE CITY, FAR FROM THE FLASH AND CASH OF THE HIGH ROLLERS, SNAKE REACHES HIS FINAL DESTINATION.
THE INTERIOR OF THE BAR IS EVEN LESS WELCOMING THAN ITS EXTERIOR. BUT THEN, SNAKE IS NEVER REALLY WELCOMED ANYWHERE
VODKA.
MARRS.

DRINK
ROGUE
ALE
SON OF A BITCH. IF IT ISN'T COBRA MCGILLICUTTY. NO, VIPER O'REILLY?
I KNOW, SNAKE PLISSKEN, THAT'S IT!
HEY, BARTENDER, BRING MY FRIEND HERE A GLASS.
FRIEND... TO SNAKE, MOST PEOPLE FALL INTO TWO CATEGORIES. THOSE HE TOLERATES AND THOSE HE WANTS TO DRIVE A KNIFE INTO... SLOWLY. MOST FALL INTO THE LATTER, BUT NOT MARRS.
MARRS IS, BY THIS POINT, ONE OF THE ONLY PEOPLE LEFT THAT SNAKE WOULD REMOTELY CONSIDER A FRIEND. OR, AT LEAST, SOMEONE HE DOESN'T WANT TO DRIVE A KNIFE INTO . YET.
WHERE THE HELL YOU BEEN? I THOUGHT YOU WERE, WELL .. DEAD.

NO, JUST DETAINED.
ARE WE STILL A GO?
YEAH, WE'RE STILL A GO.
GOOD.
YEAH, WELL, WE HOOK UP WITH PHOBOS AND DEIMOS TOMORROW NIGHT.
I GOTTA TELL YOU. THIS IS ONE HELL OF A BOOST YOU'VE COOKED UP. I KNOW I NEVER WOULD OF THOUGHT OF IT.
THAT'S FOR SURE.
SHE STILL ON DISPLAY AT THE DEAD PRESIDENT'S CASINO?


OH, YEAH...
STOCK 430 CUBIC INCH V-8. ZERO TO 100 IN 40 SECONDS. BULLET RESISTANT 8.90 X 15 WHITEWALL FIRESTONE TIRES.
BUILT BY FORD ADVANCED VEHICLES GROUP WITH HESS AND EISENHARDT. 253 INCHES LONG. 7800 POUNDS. 156 INCH WHEEL BASE.
POSH, TWO-TONE BLUE LEATHER INTERIOR. AIR CONDITIONED. D.C. PLATES, 66-300. "THE CAMELOT CONTINENTAL."
A 1961 MODEL 74A NAVY BLUE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL CONVERTIBLE. THE VERY ONE PRESIDENT KENNEDY RODE IN DALLAS '63. OH YEAH, IT'S STILL THERE.


AND EVERYTHING'S IN PLACE?
THAT BUMP WE PINCHED FROM THE TIRE SHOP, WE PAINTED HER JET BLACK. NOT A SOUL WILL SEE US COMING UP ON THE CASINO ROOF.
AND THE SECURITY CAMERAS?
TAKEN CARE OF. I GOT INTO THE CASINO AS "COMPUTER MAINTENANCE" TWO WEEKS AGO. I INSTALLED A VIRUS THAT KICKS IN AT 1:00 A.M. TOMORROW NIGHT. IT FEEDS THE CAMERAS FOOTAGE FROM 20 MINUTES PRIOR FOR 10 MINUTES. THE SHOWROOM CLOSES AT MIDNIGHT.
THEN WE JUST HELP OURSELVES. DRIVE HER TO THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR, HEAD TO THE ROOF, PUT HER ON THE BUMP, AND WE'RE GONE.
AND THE CLIENT SHOULD BE WAITING ON HIS YACHT, 8 CLICKS OUT TO SEA, WITH 30 MILLION DOLLARS.
WHAT DO YOU THINK HE WANTS WITH IT?
I'M OUT OF HERE TILL TOMORROW.
STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.
HE CAN HAVE SEX WITH IT FOR ALL I CARE, AS LONG AS WE GET OUR 30 MILLION.
JUST LIKE IN CLEVELAND?
YOU'RE A FUNNY GUY, ASP GILLROY.
CALL ME SNAKE.

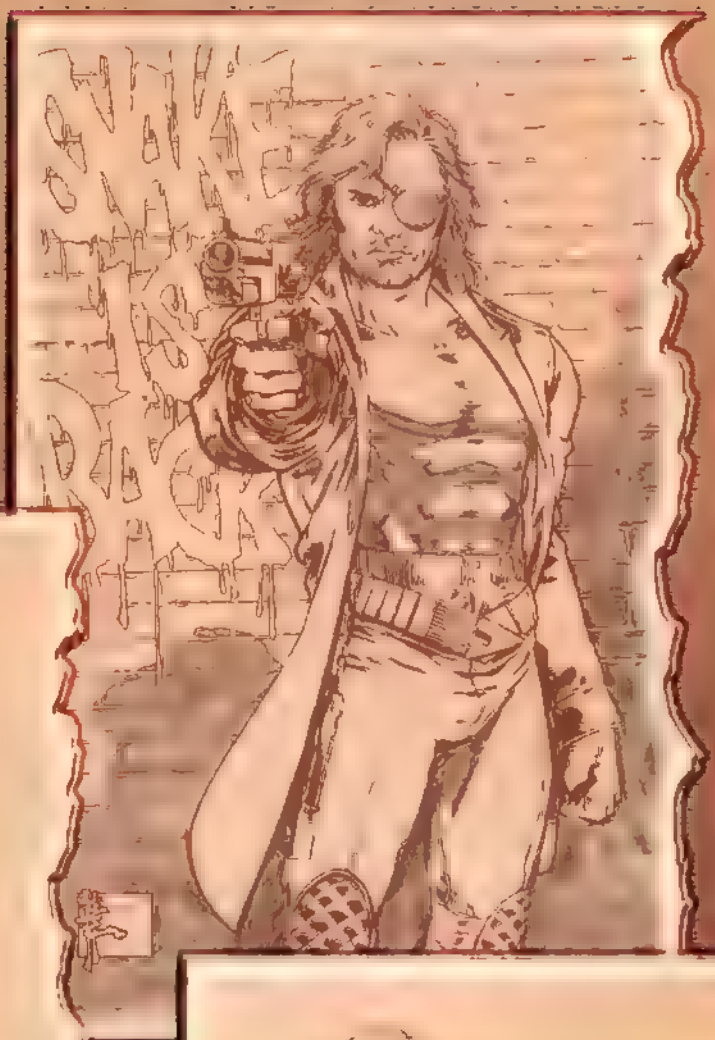
SNAKE PIT
YOU'RE A BAD BOY, SNAKE.
THOSE THINGS ARE GOING TO BE ILLEGAL SOON.
I WASN'T EXPECTING TO SEE YOU BOYS TILL TOMORROW.
PHOBOS AND DEIMOS. SNAKE DOESN'T KNOW THEIR REAL NAMES, NOR DOES HE CARE.
NOT ON MY WATCH.
THEN I GUESS YOU AIN'T EXPECTING THIS EITHER.

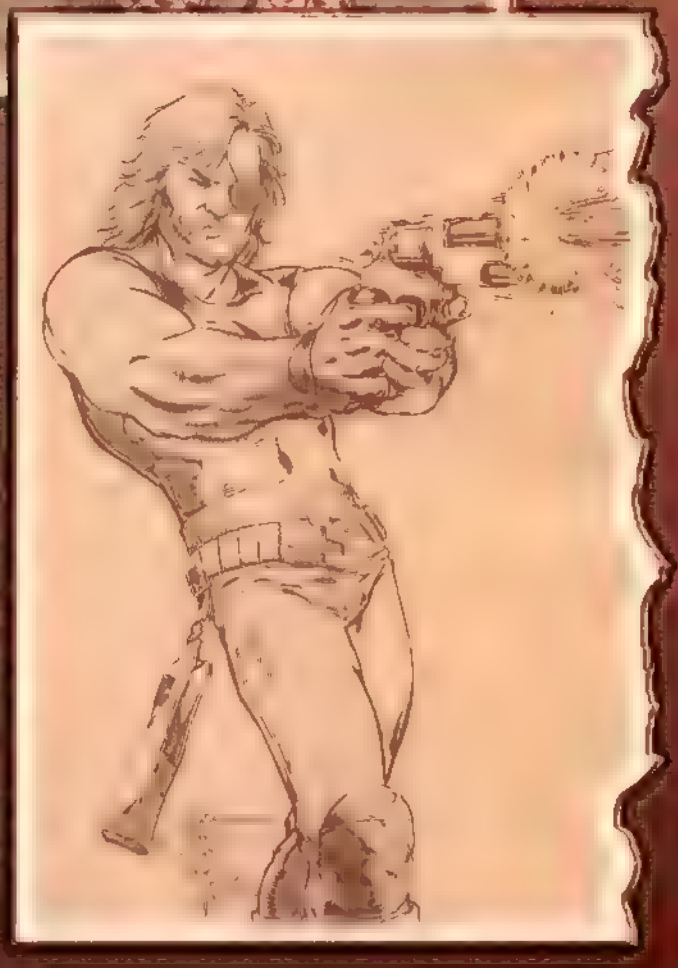
WHAT'S THIS HAPPY HORSE SH!.
KRACK!
SUCKS TO BE YOU.

EEH...
WHERE THE HELL AM I?
THE END OF THE LINE, MY CYCLOPTIC FRIEND. BUT TO BE MORE PRECISE, YOU ARE IN A CRAB CAGE.
AND WE ARE ALL ON A TROLLER, ABOUT SEVEN MILES OUT TO SEA. SO THAT DIZZINESS YOU'RE FEELING IS NOT JUST FROM DEIMOS' BOOT TO YOUR HEAD.
AND BESIDES, IT'LL BE EASIER TO SPLIT 30 MIL THREE WAYS, INSTEAD OF FOUR MATH NEVER WAS MY STRONG SUIT.
YOU KNOW, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR COMING UP WITH THE WHOLE "STEAL KENNEDY'S DEATH CAR" THINGY. BUT NOW, YOU'RE LIKE A PACK OF CONDOMS AT EASTER MASS... USELESS.

MARRS.
YOU REALIZE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO KILL YOU FOR THIS.
YOU HUFF AND YOU PUFF, BUT YOU'VE GOT DEAD MAN WRITTEN ALL OVER YOU
WHEN I GET OUT OF THIS I'M GOING TO..
BUZZ
CLICK
SPLASH
SURFS UP, EH, GENTLEMEN.
HEH, GOOD ONE.

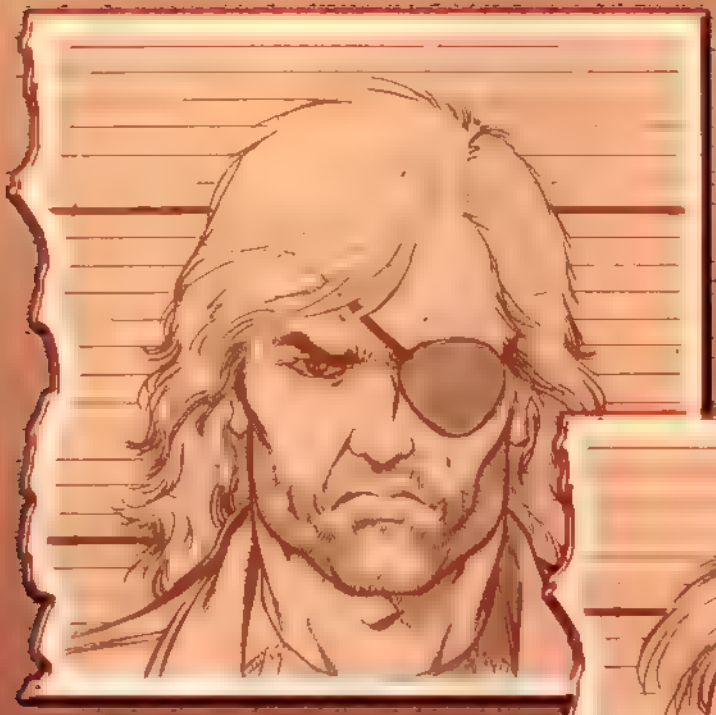
TO BE CONTINUED!

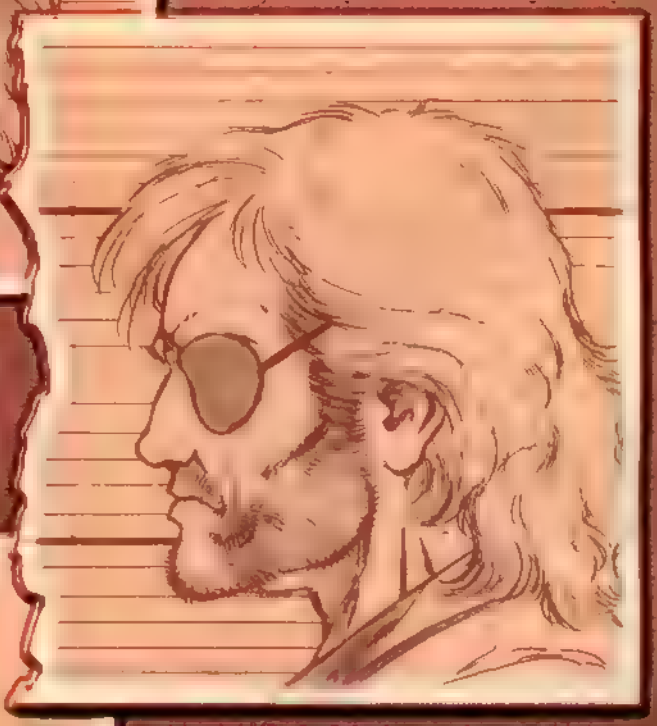




In 2012 Kevin Cleary and Josh Morris of Maverick Ent. first approached us with the idea of doing a book based on SNAKE PLISSKEN. Familiar with our work on VIOLENT MESSIAHS, a gritty, sci-fi crime story, Kevin and Josh thought we would be perfect for the job. Tone Rodriguez did these 3 sketches for Director John Carpenter, Producer Debra Hill and Actor Kurt Russell. John was so taken by the work he joked "If the art looks like this, I don't care what the stories are like."

This was the beginning of a partnership between Hurricane Ent. and Carpenter, Hill and Russell to produce this new comic book series based on the continuing adventures of their infamous anti-hero SNAKE PLISSKEN.





fans. William came up with the idea of doing

Here are three preliminary character sketches of Captain Ron Hill. Captain Hill, our wise man of the sea, was named for Producer Debra Hill. The Captain will first appear in issue #2.

This first sketch of Mr. Marrs, was drawn by writer William O'Neill. William envisioned exactly how he wanted Marrs to look. Rather than writing out a long description, he found it easier to draw this picture for Tone.

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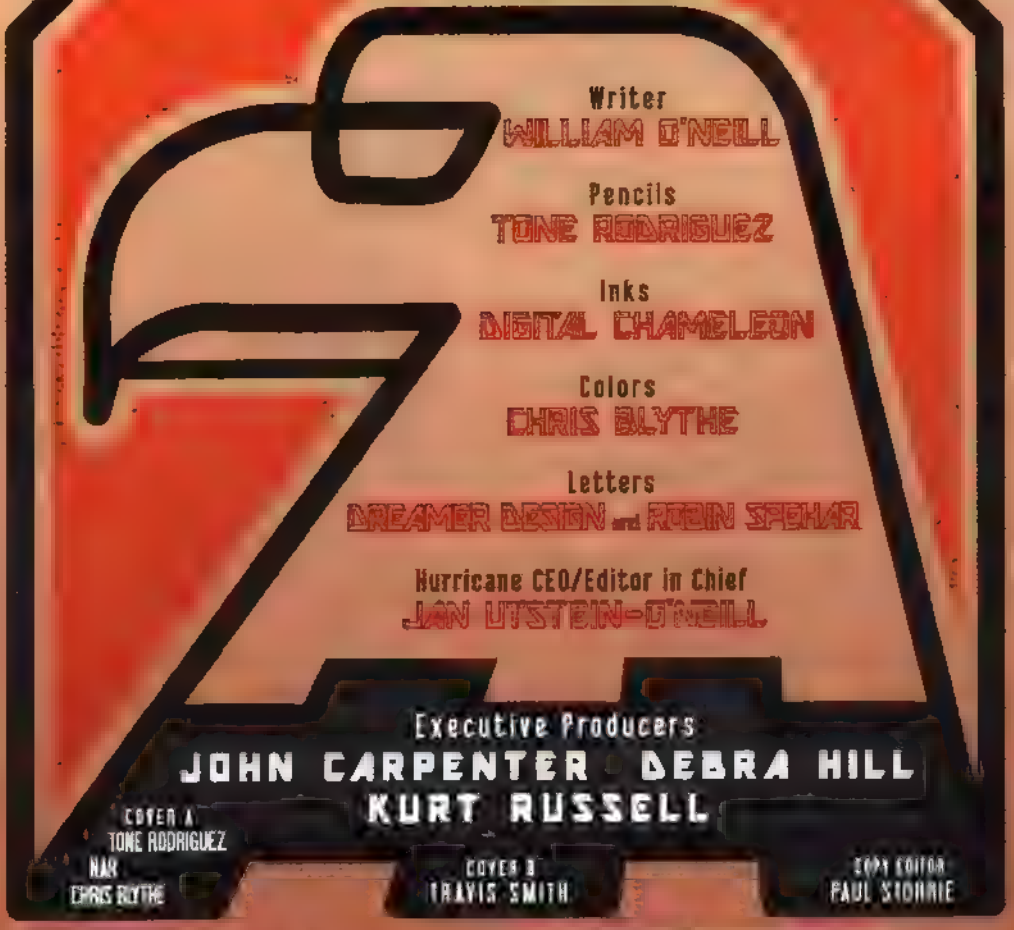

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TONE RODRIGUEZ

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DIGITAL CHAMELEON

Colors
CHRIS BLYTHE

Letters
DREAMER DESIGN and ROBIN SPEHAR

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KURT RUSSELL

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CHRIS BLYTHE

COVER B
TRAVIS SMITH

COPY EDITOR
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CGE

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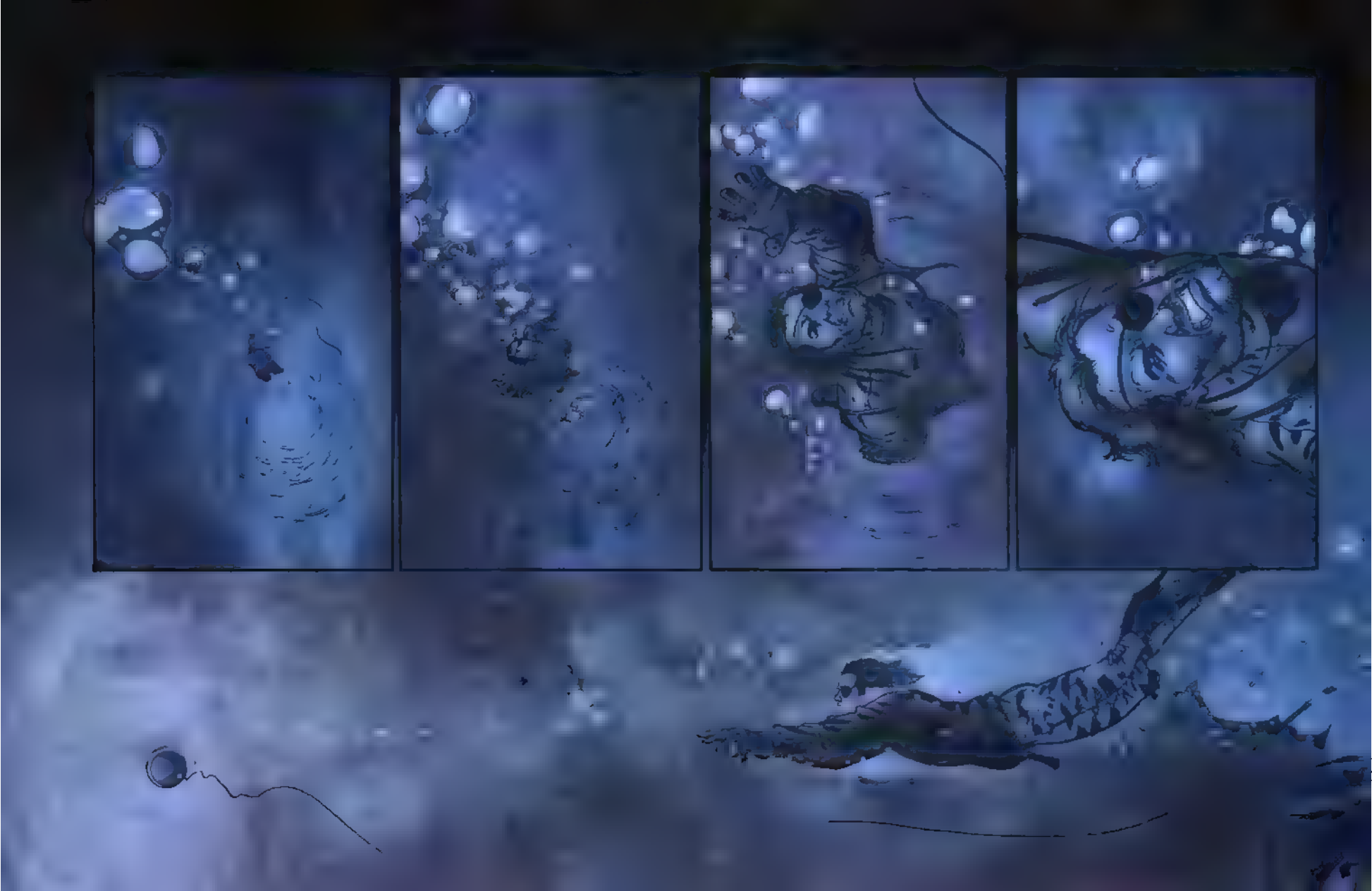
SO LONG, PLISSKEN.
THE WORDS KEEP RINGING IN HIS EARS, "SNAKE PLISSKEN IS THE GREATEST ESCAPE ARTIST EVER. HE CAN GET OUT OF ANYTHING, ANYTIME."
GREAT P.R. OR FAMOUS LAST WORDS?
SAY HELLO TO CAPTAIN NEMO FOR ME.
HE'S ABOUT TO FIND OUT.



CRAP.
SNAKE KNOWS HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO SHORE BEFORE HYPOTHERMIA KICKS IN. REGARDLESS, HE STARTS TO SWIM.
FFAAAAA!

EH?
GAH!
EASY NOW. YOU'VE HAD A BIT OF A SHOCK. A FEW MORE MINUTES IN THAT WATER.. BUT, YOU SHOULD BE FINE NOW. PLEASE, HAVE SOME WARM COFFEE.

WHO... =COUGH=... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
ME? I'M CAPTAIN RON HILL AND YOU ARE ON MY BOAT.
I WAS JUST COMING IN WHEN I SPOTTED A BUOY AND I THOUGHT, HEY, IT'S NOT CRAB SEASON. SO I CAME OVER TO TAKE A LOOK.
THEN I FOUND YOU. A SHOT IN THE DARK, IF YOU ASK ME. LIKE I WAS SAYIN' EARLIER, A FEW MORE MINUTES IN THAT COLD WATER AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA WOULD'VE GRABBED YOUR ASS FOR SURE.
AND SPEAKING OF YOUR ASS, WHAT WAS IT DOING WAY OUT HERE AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT NO LESS?
SNAKE IS BARELY LISTENING. FOR NOW HE HAS ONE THING ON HIS MIND.
..REVENGE.

MARRS NEEDS TO PAY. SNAKE COULD KILL HIM, BUT THAT WOULD BE TOO EASY. MARRS NEEDS TO SUFFER. IF THERE WERE JUST SOME WAY TO GET TO THE CAR FIRST. THAT WOULD DEFINITELY BURN HIS ASS GOOD.
THEN KILL HIM.
BUT HOW? ANOTHER BLIMP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION. MAYBE... A BOAT.
SNAKE COULD JUST KILL THE CAPTAIN AND TAKE HIS BOAT. LORD KNOWS IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME. HOWEVER, HE DID SAVE HIM FROM A CERTAIN DEATH .
HEY, CAPTAIN..
YOU WANT TO HELP ME STEAL 30 MILLION DOLLARS?

SAY LAD, TIE US ON WILL YA?
I APPRECIATE THE OFFER, BUT I'M JUST AN OLD MAN. I COULDN'T START A LIFE OF CRIME NOW.
I GOT THIS FAR BEING AN HONEST MAN, AND NOW THAT I'M IN THE FINAL STRETCH, I AIN'T ABOUT TO GO CHANGIN'
I THOUGHT ABOUT YOUR OFFER SON, AND I'M GONNA HAVE TA PASS.
THANK YOU, BUT NO.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S BACK TO PLAN A

WELL, WELL, CAP-TEN HILL. IT IS GOOD FOR ME TO SEE YOU, NO?

IT IS TIME TO GET DOWN AND FUNKY, YES?

WHO'S THIS PINHEAD?
BIG RED. ARMENIAN IMMIGRANT AND LOCAL CRIME BOSS. EVERYTHING HE KNOWS ABOUT AMERICA HE LEARNED FROM "SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER."
YOU KNOW WHAT, CAP-TEN, EVER SINCE I COME TO AMERICA MY LIFE BECOME ONE BIG DISCO WONDERLAND. CASH, CARS, BITCHES. I MAKE GOOD LIFE HERE.
BUT ONLY WHEN OTHERS DO AS I SAY NOW YOU, YOU NOT DO AS I SAY. I SAY PAY ME EVERY MONTH, YOU LIVE LONG.
DROP DEAD, BIG RED.
NOW IS THAT ANYWAY TO... TO... WAIT MOMENT, WHO IS THAT?
HIM? OH, HE'S NO ONE. JUST A FARE LOOKING FOR A LIFT TO WILDWOOD.
NO. NO, YOU NOT FOOL ME. I'VE SEEN THIS MAN BUT WHERE?
I KNOW. BACK IN MOTHER RUSSIA. THE WAR.
WONDERFUL! I NEED TO MAKE EXAMPLE OF CAP-TEN HERE. AS BONUS, GET TO DO SAME TO YANKEE WAR HERO.

WILHELM, SEND THIS IMPERIALIST PIG TO THE BIG DISCO BALL IN THE SKY.
BIG RED. I GOT ONE THING TO ADD.
DA?
DEATH BEFORE DISCO.
AUUUUUGH!!!
BLAM!!
KILL THEM!
KILL HIM!

END HIM!!
BRAK! BRAK!
UHG!
FUMP!
FUMP!
PETROV! RUN HIM DOWN! NOW!
VROOM!

VOOMRRRR!
KRSHH

GO! GO! GET ME OUT OF THIS DISCO INFERNO!
JUMPIN' JESUS, BOY! YOU OKAY?
I GUESS SO. YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT YOU LOOKED FAMILIAR. YOU'RE SNAKE PLISSKEN.
SAY, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT KNIFE?

10:30P.M.
THE NEXT NIGHT.
I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO THANK YOU FOR YESTERDAY. BIG RED WOULD'VE KILLED ME FOR SURE.
HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE.
WHAT WAS THAT?
NOTHING.
WELL, ANYHOW. SEEING THAT I HAVE NO OTHER OPTIONS LEFT, I HOPE THIS PLAN OF YOURS WORKS.
WITH MY SHARE I CAN GET AWAY AND NEVER WORRY ABOUT THE LIKES OF BIG RED AGAIN ANY TIME SOON. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO RIO.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?
I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.

STRAIGHT TO HELL.

NICE CASINO. BIG.
PUT US UNDERNEATH
OKAY. STOP RIGHT HERE.
FPUNT!
AKK

GOOD LUCK, SNAKE. GOOD LUCK.
1 A.M.
AFTER CLIMBING THROUGH WHAT SEEMED TO BE MILES OF AIR VENTS, THEN WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT.
SNAKE MAKES HIS MOVE.

SNAKE OPENS THE NEARBY FREIGHT ELEVATOR DOORS..
...THEN CLIMBS INTO HIS PRIZE
AND AFTER A LITTLE HOT WIRING..
VRRROOM!
THIS JUST MIGHT WORK.
HEY YOU!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? THIS SHOWROOM IS CLOSED! AND EVEN IF IT WASN'T, YOU CAN'T JUST CLIMB INTO THIS CAR LIKE SOME KIND OF APE.
LOOK, LADY. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR NOISE
THAT'S FOR SURE

YOU ARE DEFINITELY OUT OF TIME
STATES - SEAL OF
TO BE CONTINUED

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DAMN, COBRA FRANCISCO.
THIS TIME I REALLY DID THINK YOU WERE DEAD

BUT WHY PUT HIM IN A CAGE MARRS? WHY LEAVE HIM TO DROWN IN THE OPEN SEA, MARRS?
THUMP!
BUT COULD YOU OBLIGE ME BY DROPPING DEAD? NO SO IT LOOKS LIKE THIS TIME I'LL JUST HAVE TO BE A LITTLE MORE BLUNT
WHY NOT JUST SHOOT HIM, MARRS?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY, STYLE. I LIKE TO DO THINGS WITH A LITTLE CLASS
MARRS YOU ALWAYS DID TALK TOO MUCH

BRAKK!
THUNK!
!!!EEE!
OH MY GOD!
VROOOOOM!
THUMP!

SKKRAAREEE!

HIT THE BIG RED BUTTON! NOW!!

BLAM! BLAM!

PEKOW! BEKOW! PKOT!

NOW WHAT? YOU DON T THINK YOU CAN TAKE THIS DOWN TO GARAGE LEVEL AND JUST DRIVE OFF, DO YOU?
YOU ARE SOO BUSTED
YOU MUST KNOW SECURITY HEARD THOSE SHOTS. THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU
THAT S WHY WE RE GETTING OFF EARLY
HIT ME.
BOOM!

KRASH!
VRMMMM

HANG ON, DOLL FACE, WE'RE GOING SIGHTSEEING.
OWWWW!
SKREEE!
BOARDWALK
KABLAM!
BLAM!
STOP! STOP!
BOARDWALK
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY.
NO, REALLY? CALL FOR BACK UP.
T. SPARKS

ARE YOU MAD?! YOU CAN'T DRIVE ON THE BOARDWALK!
I DON T SEE ANYONE TRY NG TO STOP US
I DO.
PERSISTENT PORKERS, AREN T THEY?
HEY!
DJ's COMICS
DAMN TOURISTS!
DJ's COMICS

KA-BOOM!
WHO THE HELL IS THAT?!
A FRIEND.
HANG ON, SNAKE! I'M COMING!
PNG!

OH JEEZ!
RRREEEEE!
POLICE
PRETTY GOOD OLD MAN
LOOK OUT!

CHOPPER FOUR, STOP THEM, BUT DON'T SHOOT THE LINCOLN
YEAH, RIGHT STOP THEM BUT DON'T SHOOT THEM THAT LL WORK.
OH GOD!
CRAZY AES, FLY BOYS!
POK!
THAK!
POK!
POK!
POK!
POK!
THAK!

CAN I AT LEAST TAKE OUT THE HUMM VEE?

AFFIRMATIVE

YES! PLAY TIME!

SKEEEE!

KABOOM

LOOK HE'S OKAY

DAMN #$%@ FLY BOYS!!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO JUST LEAVE HIM THERE? ARE YOU?
DAMN IT.
FLUMP FLUMP FLUMP FLUMP FLUMP FLUMP FLUMP FLUMP FLUMP FLUMP FLUMP
GET READY TO HELP HIM IN.
SKREE!
NOW!
OOOWWW.
HURRY UP THE CHOPPER'S SWING NG AROUND FOR ANOTHER PASS.

SCREW THIS. I'M TIRED OF PLAY'N AROUND.
BOOM!
BOOM!
DAMN SMOKE
OH MAN
AND TO THINK I WAS GOING TO CALL IN SICK TODAY, STAY IN BED AND WATCH LOVE STORY
KA-THOOM!

ACTION HAS CONSEQUENCES. YOUR CHOICES IN LIFE MAY LEAD YOU TO PLACES YOU'VE NEVER SEEN OR WISH TO SEE. FOR MARRS, THIS IS ONE OF THEM.
THAT HAS GOT TO BE THE MOST HIDEOUS THING I HAVE EVER SEEN
THAT IS LUCY. FIRST BUILT IN 1881. SHE'S ONE OF A KIND.
IT'S STILL HIDEOUS.
THAT IT MIGHT BE, BUT SHE IS WORTH QUITE A LOT. BEING A LANDMARK AND ALL.
OH, I ALMOST FORGOT THE INTRODUCTIONS. THEY CALL ME SLIM TIMM. I OWN THE DEAD PRESIDENTS CASINO, LUCY HERE, AND ABOUT HALF THIS TOWN.
HOW NICE FOR YOU.
NOT FOR YOU, I'M AFRAID.
YOU SEE, I THINK YOU KNOW WHO STOLE MY CAR. AND I THINK YOU ARE GOING TO TELL ME WHO. ONE WAY.. OR ANOTHER.

WELL I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.
HOWEVER, PERHAPS WE CAN STRIKE A DEAL. THE FACT IS, NOT ONLY DO I KNOW WHO HE IS, I KNOW WHERE HE S GOING.
AND UNLESS YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THAT IS , YOU'LL NEVER FIND HIM.
I M ABOUT TO HAND YOU YOUR ASS IN A BASKET, AND YOU TRY TO STR KE A DEAL? YOU MY FRIEND, HAVE SOME SERIOUS BRASS BALLS. MY ASSOCIATES IN DUCK TOWN WOULD BE IMPRESSED.
AND YOU RE RIGHT I COULD USE YOUR HELP SO LET'S TALK. BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST. WHO IS HE?
PLISSKEN. SNAKE PLISSKEN.
CLICK!
WHAT S WRONG
DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL?
EVERYBODY KNOWS SNAKE PL SSKEN IS DEAD.
OH BOY.

I CAN NOT BELIEVE WE ARE OUT OF GAS.
MONEY FORK IT OVER.
DON'T LOOK AT ME I ONLY LOOK LIKE JACK E O
WHAT ABOUT YOU, OLD MAN?
ME? I WAS TOLD I WAS ABOUT TO MAKE 15 MILLION DOLLARS. WHY WOULD I CARRY AROUND SPARE CHANGE?
VVVV

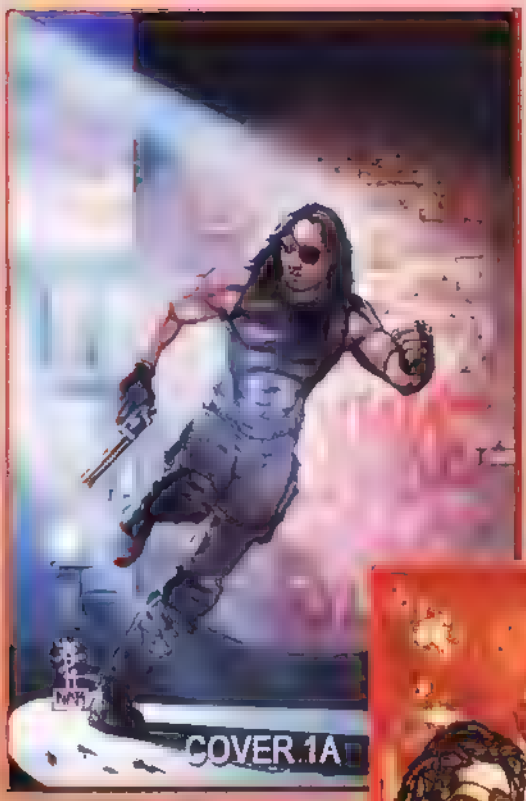
OKAY, OKAY.
HERE, FILL ER UP.
WE GOT A CAR HERE WORTH 30 MILLION DOLLARS, AND HE'S SWIPING GAS CARDS.
SAY, WHAT'S WITH THE SUIT ANYWAY, HILL?
HEY, IF I'M GOING TO RIO, I WANT TO LOOK MY BEST
OKAY KIDS HANDS IN THE AIR.
THIS COUNTRY HAS GONE TO HELL IN A HAND BASKET. AND YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPERS LIKE YOU ARE TO BLAME

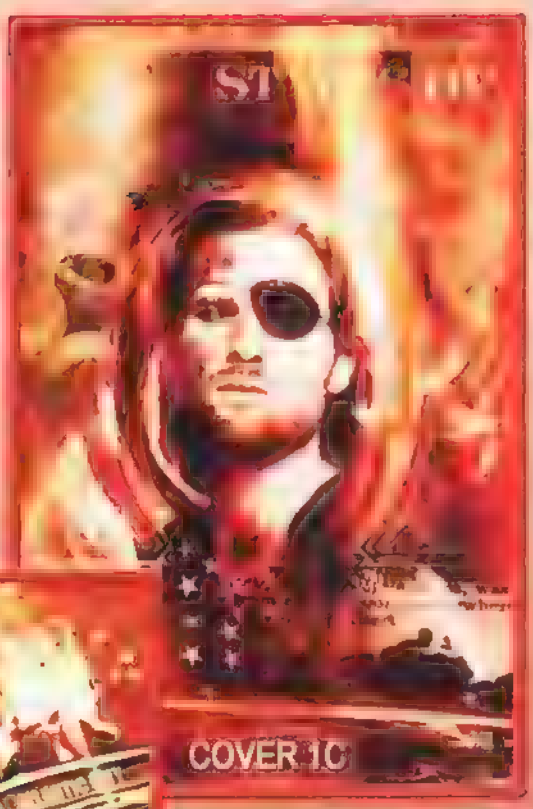
AS HEADMASTER OF SENIOR CITIZENS FOR AN ARMED AMERICA, TROOP 357
I PLACE YOU UNDER CITIZEN'S ARREST
LADY
KA-CHUNK
DIESEL FUEL ONLY

KA-FOOM!
WOW.
HERE YOU ARE.
THANKS
OKAY. LET'S GO.
SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS. THANKS FOR THE GAS.

OKAY THAT'S IT. A LITTLE MORE
GOOD.
SO, THIS OLD THING IS REALLY WORTH 30 MILLION DOLLARS?
DON'T EVEN THINK IT. NOT ONE DIME. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY YOU'RE STILL HERE.
DON'T MIND HIM, SUNSHINE. YOU CAN HAVE SOME OF MY SHARE.
BLAM!
DAMN BOY, IF IF IT UPSETS YOU THAT MUCH.
VELL, VELL, VELL

YOU NOT THINK I JUST FORGET OUR LAST MEETING, DA?
TO BE CONCLUDED!





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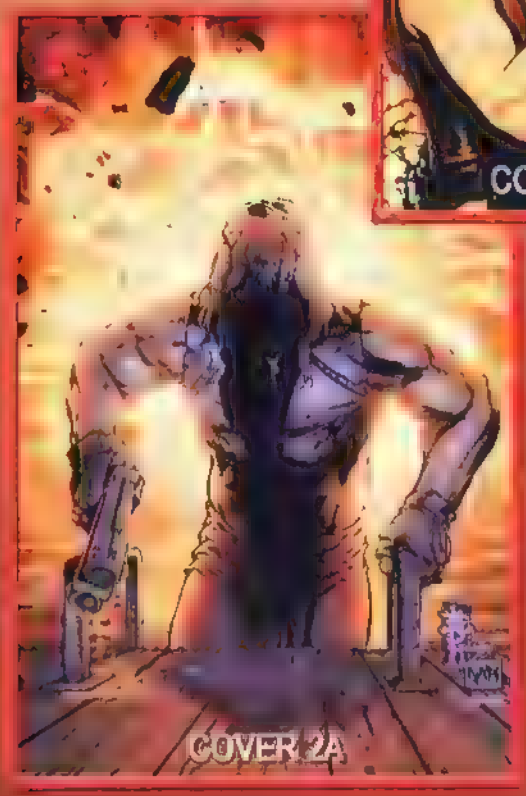
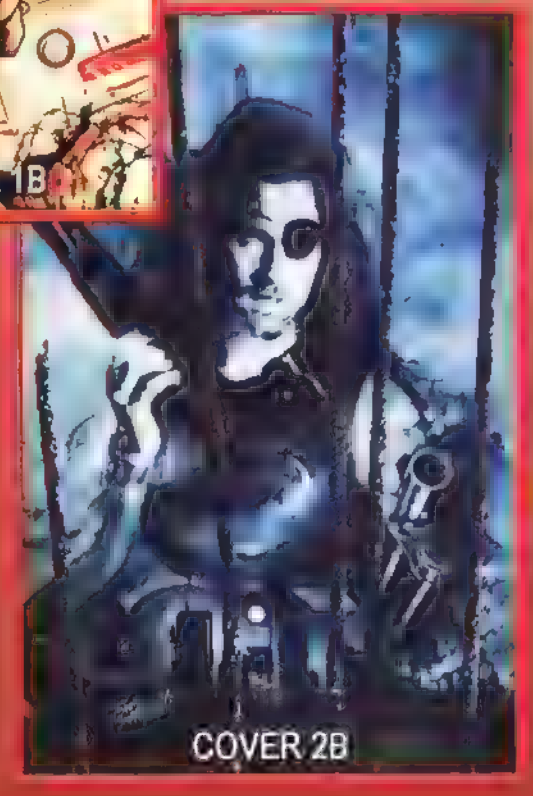
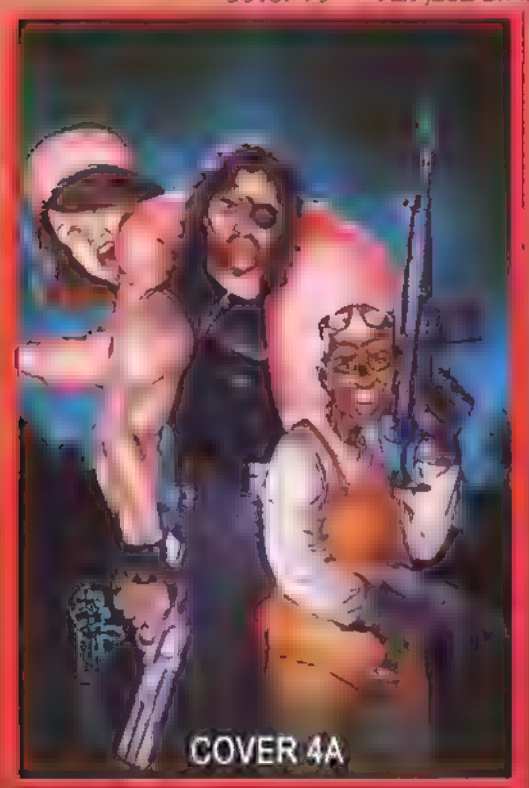
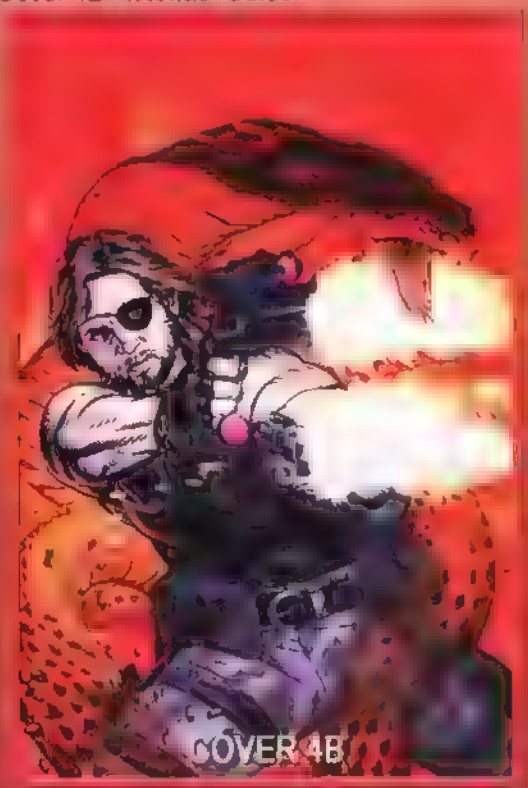




For those "Shave Completists" who have to have it all
Here's cover / cover of the Atlanta City Story Arc, including a sneak peak at the covers for issue #4!
Covers 1A, 2A, 3A and 4A - Pencils: Tone Rodriguez Colors: Carlo Blythe
Cover 1B - Jon Van Fleet Covers 1C and 2B - Frank Strum
Cover 2B - Rodriguez/Smith Cover 4B - Michael Golder





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COME OVER TO ME, WAR HERO.
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO "SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER," BUT YOU'RE MORE OF A "THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY" TYPE OF GUY, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
SILENCE! I NOT BE SPEAKING TO YOU.
YOU CARE FOR CAP-TEN HERE, YES? I THINK I BUST CAP IN HIS ASS FIRST.
THEN PEASANT GIRL.
THEN, YOU.
HEY, BACKUP. ME NOT MEMBER OF VILLAGE PEOPLE.
YOU... ARE... SCREWED.
OH? AND WHO WILL BE DOING THIS SCREWING?
THEM.

THIS IS THE UNITED STATES POLICE FORCE. DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEADS.

WHY DO THEY SAY THAT? OF COURSE THEY POLICE.
OWWW!
HEY BOSS, WATCH WHERE YOU POINT THAT THI...
BLAM!
EEP!
THEY'RE SHOOTING! RETURN FIRE!
BRUSILOV! I AM SORRY. I MEAN NOT TO SHOOT YOU. YANKEE PIG GRAB MY HAND AND, AND.. OH POO.

BE-YOW!
KA-BLAM!
BLAM!
THOK!
THOK!
THOK!
NO! WAIT! WAIT! THIS NOT SUPPOSE TO HAPPEN THIS WAY!
K-PLAM!
K-PLAM!
BLUE MEANIES.
WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION, BOY?
HERE, LET ME HELP.
WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING HERE?
AT THIS POINT I'M PROBABLY SAFER WITH YOU TWO.

POK!
PEKOW!
PEKOW!
I WANT MY MOTHER COUNTRY.
POLICE
ATTENTION BOAT OCCUPANTS. TURN BACK TO THE PIER AND SURRENDER NOW.
BLAM! BLAM!
SNAKE! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
TAKE THE WHEEL.
KACHUNK
TIME TO MAKE A POINT.

SKREEE!
SKREE!
SKREEE!
RUNT!
RUNT!
RUNT!
RUNT!
MY GOOSE IS NOW COOKED.
WHAT THE HELL?! WE'VE LOST ROTOR CONTROL!
KRACAFOOM!
SEE, I TOLD YOU I'D BE SAFER WITH YOU.

SNAKE, YOU BETTER COME HERE.
HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU.
SNAKE MY BOY. →COUGH← I, I WANT TO THANK YOU.
FOR?
→COUGH← FOR ONE LAST ADVENTURE. →COUGH← FOR TAKING ONE LAST STAND.
SAY, WOULD YOU MIND DOING A DYING OLD MAN ONE LAST FAVOR?
SURE.
→COUGH← WHAT... WHAT IS YOUR REAL NAME?
...NO SHIT.

ARE YOU OKAY?
WHY SHOULDN'T I BE?
RIGHT. WHY SHOULDN'T YOU BE? WELL, ANYWAY. WHAT NOW?
WELL, NEXT ON OUR LITTLE MIRTH PARADE SHOULD BE THE CLIENT'S YACHT. WE SHOULD BE COMING UP ON IT ANY MOMENT...

..NOW.
HEY, ANYBODY HOME?
AHOY!
YEAH, WHATEVER, GILLIGAN. TELL YOUR BOSS I'VE GOT THE ITEM. AND SEND DOWN A LINE.

AH, MR. PLISSKEN. IT IS NICE TO FINALLY MEET YOU. YOU ARE JUST AS I PICTURED.
HOWEVER, I MUST SAY, I AM SURPRISED TO SEE YOU. MR. MARRS SAID YOU WERE DEAD. WHERE IS HE ANYWAY?
YOU KNOW, I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH THIS CAR IS WORTH, I STILL THINK THE A-TEAM VAN IS COOLER.
WE HAD... WORDS.
I SEE.
WELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT HER.
THE LADIES BACK IN BOLLYWOOD WILL BE ALL OVER ME NOW.
I CAN'T BELIEVE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS AT LAST SHE'S MI
MI... MI... MI...
HEY, MISTER, YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT TO PLOTZ.
MY CAR! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY CAR?!
OH BOY, HERE WE GO.

LOOK AT THOSE DENTS!! LOOK AT THOSE SCRATCHES!!
AND, OH MY GOD! ARE THOSE BULLET HOLES?!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WE WENT THROUGH TO GET THIS HERE?
WE?
SHE'S RUINED! RUINED!
YOU'RE LUCKY IT'S IN THIS GOOD OF SHAPE. NOW PAY UP.
PAY UP? YOU'RE NOT GETTING ONE DIME FROM ME. NOT ONE.
YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

WELL, UM. I GUESS IT'S NOT ALL THAT BAD. NOT THAT BAD AT ALL.
OHMAR! YES, NOT THAT BAD.
30 MILLION CREDITS AS PROMISED.
P-KOW!
P-KOW!
P-KOW
HEY, BAD NEWS ASP HOLE.
WHO THE HELL IS THAT?!
MARRS.
...YOU THOUGHT YOU LOST ME, BUT JUST LIKE CANCER, I NEVER QUITE GO AWAY.

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU PUT ME IN AN AWKWARD POSITION.
THE OWNER OF THAT FINE AUTOMOBILE WANTS IT BACK. HE SUGGESTED THAT IF I TRACK YOU DOWN AND BRING YOU AND THE CAR BACK TO HIM, HE'LL LET ME KILL YOU... PERSONALLY.
HOWEVER, I'M AN INSTANT GRATIFICATION KIND OF GUY. SO, I SAY...
...WHY WAIT?
BRRRRRRAT!
THAKK!
THAKK!
THAKK!
BRRRRRRRR!
OH CRAP! OH CRAP! OH CRAP!

BEKOW!
NO! DON'T HIDE THERE! HE'S SHOOTING MY BABY.
BKOW!
IIEE!!
OH CRAP! OH CRAP! OH CRAP!
THOK!
BULLET PROOF. RIGHT.
WHAT NOW, "WAR HERO?"
I'M THINKING
I'VE GOT YOU COVERED SIR.
BADOW!
DOW!
DAMN FOOL!
ZIF!

WHO'S THAT?
MY CAPTAIN. HE'LL SAVE US.
NOT LIKELY. BUT HE'S CREATING A GOOD DISTRACTION. WE NEED TO MOVE...
...NOW!
THUNK!
THUNK!
THUNK!
TAG. YOU'RE DEAD.
YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO TAKE SNAKE ALIVE. SLIM TIMM WILL NOT BE PLEASED.
SNAKE IS A PROFESSIONAL KILLER. HE CAN'T BE TAKEN ALIVE. EVEN UNARMED.
I'LL BOP HIM FROM UP HERE. THEN WE'LL SNAG WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR BOSS' COLLECTIBLE.
WHEN I SIGNAL, I NEED YOU TO SWING THIS CRANE AROUND INTO THE BLIMP.
OH, JEEZ.
HOW DO I WORK THIS STUPID THING?!
THAT THERE. PULL DOWN, THEN LEFT.

NOW.
OH! IT WON'T WORK! DID YOU SAY LEFT OR RIGHT?
DOWN AND LEFT! NOW!
BRRRRT!
PEKOW!

NOW DAMMIT! NOW!
GRLINK!
GRRRNNNNNNNNNNN
POOW!
FFSSSSSSSSSSS!
WHAT IN HELL?
PLISSKEN!

KASIK!
SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM.
GAAAA!
FAAAOOM!

KRAK!
FAWAK!

MY BABY!!
THAKT!
PHUN!
PATHETIC.
LOOKS LIKE ALL THOSE RUMORS ABOUT YOUR DEATH ARE ABOUT TO COME TRUE...
...SNAKE PLISSKEN.

MARRS...
...YOU'RE A REAL TRIP.

VAOW!
FUMP.
FUMP.
FUMPFUMPFUMP!
FARCH!
MY YACHT. MY CAR.
SO... JUST HOW RICH ARE YOU?

SNAKE DOESN'T BOTHER TO LOOK BACK.
SNAKE NEVER LOOKS BACK.
TOO MUCH PAIN.
TOO MUCH HISTORY.
BUT FOR NOW, SNAKE PLISSKEN IS A VERY RICH MAN. BUT KNOWING HIS LUCK...
...HE WON'T BE FOR LONG.
THE END